

And our induction full of prosperous hope.

Hot. Lord Mortimer, & coosin Glendower wil you sit downe:
and yncle Worcester; a plague vpon it, I haue forgot the map.

Glen. No, here it is; sit Coosen Piercie, sit good Coosen
Hotspur, for by that name, as oft as Lancaster doth speake of you,
his cheek looks pale, and with a rising sigh he wisheth you in
heauen.

Hot. And you in hell, as oft as he heares Owen Glendower
spoke of.

Glen. I cannot blame him; at my natiuitie
The front of heauen was full of fierie shapes
Of burning cressets, and at my birth
The frame and foundation of the earth
Shaked like a coward.

Hot. Why so it would haue done at the same season, if your
mothers cat had but kittened, though your selfe had neuer bene
borne.

Glen. I say, the earth did shake when I was borne.

Hot. And I say, the earth was not of my mind,
If you suppose, as fearing you, it shooke.

Glen. The heauens were all on fire, the earth did tremble.

Hot. Oh! then the earth shooke to see the heauens on fire,
And not in feare of your natiuitie.

Diseased nature oftentimes breakes forth
In strange eruptions, oft the teeming earth
Is with a kinde of collicke pincht and vext,
By the imprisoning of vnruely winde
Within her wombe, which for enlargement struing,
Shakes the old Beldame earth, and topples downe
Steeple and moss-grown Towers. At your birth
Our Grandam earth, hauing this distemperature,
In passion shooke.

Glen. Coosen, of many men
I do not beare these crossing: giue me leaue
To tell you once againe, that at my birth
The front of heauen was full of fierie shapes,
The goates ran from the mountaines, and the heards
Were strangely clamorous to the frighted fields.

These signes haue markt me ex
And all the courses of my life do
I am not in the rolle of common
Where is he liuing, clipt in with
That chides the banks of Engl
Which calls me pe pill, or hath r
And bring him out, that is but w
Can trace me in the tedious waic
And hold me pace, in deepe exp

Hot. I thinke, there's no man
He to dinner.

Mor. Peace coosen Percy, y

Glen. I can call spirits from th

Hot. Why, so can I, or so can
But will they come, when you do

Glen. Why, I can reach you co

Hot. And I can teach thee, co
By telling truth. Tell truth and th

If thou haue power to raise him,
And sle be s.orne, I haue powe

Oh while you liue, tell truth and

Mor. Come, come, no more d

Glen. Three times hath Hen
Against my power, thence from th

And sandy bottomd Seuerne ha
Bootes home, and weather-beat

Hot. Home without bootes,
How scapes he agues, in the diuel

Glen. Come, here is the map,
According to our threefold orde

Mor. The Arch-deacon hath
Into three limits, very equally:

England from Trent, and Seuerne
By South and East, is to my part

All Westward, Wales beyond th
And all the fertile land within tha

To Owen Glendower: and deare
The remnant Northward, lying o

These